

# Bard

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# Bard

## AURICULAR

Explanation always makes it worse.  
Confession is at least interesting.  
Absolution comes from language itself,  
from finding the right word  
for what one has done. Or been. Or become.

22 September 2007

## ON LYCOPHRON

Trying to find the edge of the shape.  
Of the man. The outrage of prophecy:  
Charles James Fox staring plumply  
out over some London homeless  
sheltering round his plinth  
but his bronze head is full of future,  
full of what old *Wolf Mind* said,

a day will come when  
    humans are born full grown  
    and wise from a pale  
    luminous womb  
    inside nobody but the light  
    and no one's hurt, and women are free.

Then there will come  
a war beyond money  
and when we have fought that  
there'll be no more war,

and language will talk back to us at last.

22 September 2007

= = = = =

If I were the ladder  
you would be the sky  
but what would I lean on  
so some intelligence I cannot imagine  
could clamber up to you and down to me  
transmitting the nature of the actual  
hidden behind the natural, the seen?  
What is that hard reliable edge  
running perpendicular to time,  
Prophecy, is it, mother of the world?

22 September 2007

## AND DID NOT ANSWER

1.

As to the nature be silent.  
Could not on this side sustain  
on desire alone. End of the world.  
Will is wanting. Willing = Being.  
But to be willing is a different dance,  
awkward, battlemented, Elsinore.  
Incest of being in love  
with your own desire.  
No 'Phelia ever so factly behave.

2.

So what I'm bucked, bossed down  
with rubble, so what my wishes  
weigh a sack of rotten turnips on my back,  
so what it bends me, so what  
I face the ground and not some stars,  
I see the earth at last at least  
where it might one day be thronged  
with me and mine united, not now,  
my shadow fleeing from me in midday grieving?

3.

Cock crow. That's better.  
Plausible hour. How I  
hope in thee, a door,  
a door next door, a window,  
a window in my hat!

4.

The time came to exclaim,  
I have used too much  
of what wasn't there it begin with,  
I made a gap  
where a moon-style rock

flipped out of the earth's crust  
into the atmosphere,  
I made things topple, things fall down,  
time was displeased with me.  
Forgive me ten more years  
or twenty. give me the gate  
and I'll stay here forever.

5.  
So it really is your fault,  
folding. You were brave  
enough to be silent, I was lâche  
enough to speak, means coward,  
cowardly, means I can never  
win any war or peace I declare.  
I am the niter of the lowest air,  
ash of breath, a clumsied word.

23 September 2007

= = = = =

Naissance nescience nescience —  
born into unknowing—  
if we can achieve Unknowing while alive  
in this very life  
then we pass into Knowing—  
at death the vicus or turning of the leaf.  
The week.

Birthdays are the start of a new week,  
a week with a day for each of the gods,  
all the gods, as many as we know how to count,  
how to name, aeons, ethers, friends.

24 September 2007

## ANTARES

Soon star delete war.  
Delete kill. Reset.  
System restore. Against  
war, against Mars  
even. Not to diss  
a god, Mars is really  
speaking, touching,  
coming on to –  
not killing. Killing  
is a glitsch in the system.  
Cain the great inventor,  
his one actual mistake.  
Reset. Be net.  
Be rete. By meshwork  
a claymore's snagged.  
Soon soon the autumn  
boat with crimson  
single sail sails out.  
One wind alone. Away  
away home.

24 September 2007



# SUKKOTH

Life itself is. A bench in branches.  
A bush. A *bentshn*. Bless  
this beneath our hand.

Under our skin. Also.  
This ramada in the desert made  
from thousand year old  
branches fallen. Under  
each skin a thousand lives

that try to be me. Let me be  
the one whose name I wield  
like a bronze knife like a spoon

like water with no cup  
like hands. Let me be hands.

24 September 2007

= = = = =

Could it have been waiting for this,  
just this? The cloud over the cabin,  
the imaginary friend the child takes to bed,  
never get up without me, the rusty  
pail hung by the house side spigot?  
Trust me, the friend says, once  
we were water. And always together.  
The irritating interrogations of mere  
meager sunlight spill upwards  
as flowers: broccoli, kohlrabi,  
even watercress, whose secret flower  
flowers on the other side of death.  
Every growing thing bears its own mistake.  
Let me follow you into the dark  
watching every twist of your assent.

24 September 2007

= = = = =

Membering everything  
to be a king in it  
strapwise to the maple trunk  
supported ever upright  
by alone and decent by  
what is not thine and so  
upright! Aloft!

Montgolfier!

Into the blue participant  
of all your reveries  
to not be here!

Levitate, rise  
like Padre Pio from  
the heard confessions of  
this parish universe  
on winds of absolution  
up into the Somethingness  
in the heart of nothing—  
sang the King, or Keen, or Quing,

*I am gone  
so you can be here.*

25 September 2007

= = = = =

I am too selfish to be a prophet.  
I keep seeing with my own eyes.

25 September 2007

## SESSIONS

You, to whom I speak  
three times a week I  
haven't thought of you in years.

25 September 2007

= = = = =

Wet ink in sunshine in  
a word throwing itself down  
done before the ink dries  
heart heard glimpse  
something more than it says.

25 September 2007

## THE CHRONONOMICON

Busses passing. People looking  
for things somewhere else. Quiet  
frightened tourists, happy  
to be gone from where they are.

I wish I could borrow  
their sense of time  
and see it stretch out so empty  
before me, empty, waiting  
for me to fill it, for me to find  
a way to pass the time.

But time is a dark closet  
stuffed with uniforms I must put on.

25 September 2007

= = = = =

What could come before it?  
What brown leaves cover  
must wind reveal.

Never blow the candle  
out though, spirit  
in and use your hands.

26 September 2007



## O'CLOCK

Nine near,  
cars roar.  
Traffic  
is a funny word,  
concurrence  
of arrivals.  
Such strange  
ways the animals  
we are find food.  
Man, for your hours  
here is money –  
eat. Isn't it our  
own mind's  
flesh we feed on?  
Stop thinking  
you'll be  
late to work again.

26 September 2007

= = = = =

So much blue ink.  
So little green.

Because you think  
the sky is bigger than this leaf.

What can we really  
know of *number*?

We use them and go to sleep.  
And nothing at all

do we know about color,  
not even dream.

26 September 2007

= = = = =

Where I could listen to you  
and all the other instruments  
were making fugue  
or proposing an evasion

but you come through  
on your curious instrument  
horns of a cow  
belly of a crocodile  
lips of a river  
giving its first kiss to the sea—

and I could hear your fingers  
on every valve,  
your breath so long compressed  
inside that dream-soaked ribcage  
finally let loose a word.

27 September 2007

## ELEMENTS

I petition God to  
abbreviate the world  
into its components—  
gold. diamond. ocean. you.

27 September 2007

## TELOS

No more skin  
on the New Animal  
finally perfected

a sort of *thickened air instead*  
around his frame  
like children playing on the beach

like a white cloud edging over the roof.

27 September 2007

= = = = =

Reaching towards perfect design.  
Being able to say good-bye.  
Having a time to do it to  
and go off humming, tears privately issuing.  
Knowing when the time is right.  
Don't worry. There is nothing to feel.

27 September 2007

= = = = =

Wiseacre we read  
when we were children  
expecting 'wisecracker'

and where is that  
we wondered,  
not knowing we were there already.

Impatience. Rain  
on the windowpane runs down.  
And mother has taken away

our little book  
to save our little eyes from sense.

27 September 2007